

KARPIS CLASSICS



KARNO'S KLASSICS.

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Hello, folks! I bet you thought the KLASSICS were gone for good. No such luck. Here we are, bigger and ruder than ever!

I'm still not a citizen, but I'm working on it. It's been slow going. One sponsor didn't work out, & the present one is having some problems of his own. Also, I've been traveling: Through Canada, then Iceland, and finally moved to Tucson, Arizona. I'm living with Jim Groat, a fellow cartoonist/publisher. In fact, I've found a whole slew of soul brothers here. I particularly like their attitude towards firearms.

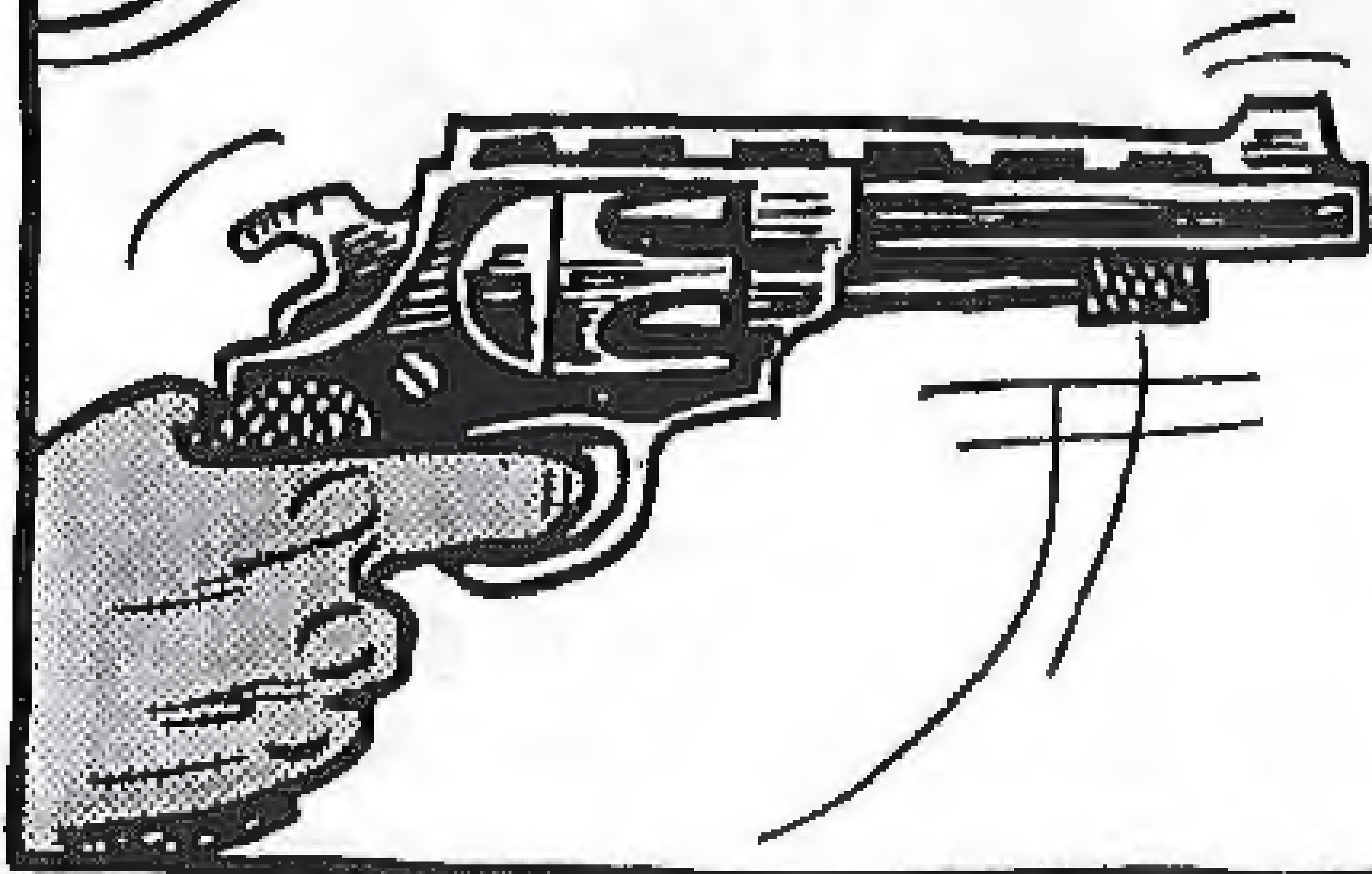
I've also had to go through some contortions in order to make a living without breaking any labor laws. You gotta have a squeaky clean record to make it through the immigration bureaucracy. Luckily, I got a job on Icelandic TV again. This time it's "The Explorer", a fellow with the build & finesse of a bulldozer. He stomps around, exploring a new topic every week. The pay's not great, but hey, it's legal. I can draw the stuff at home, and then just mail it in. But I've been drawing more than just that—with no outlet for it. So, I've decided to restart the KLASSICS. Most of my backlog will be going into the Klassics Specials, tho'it needs the 8 1/2x11 format. Check out the ad for 'em. The KLASSICS won't be coming out as often as before, but will hopefully be of (even) higher quality. But judge for yourself—and

ENJOY THE SHOW!

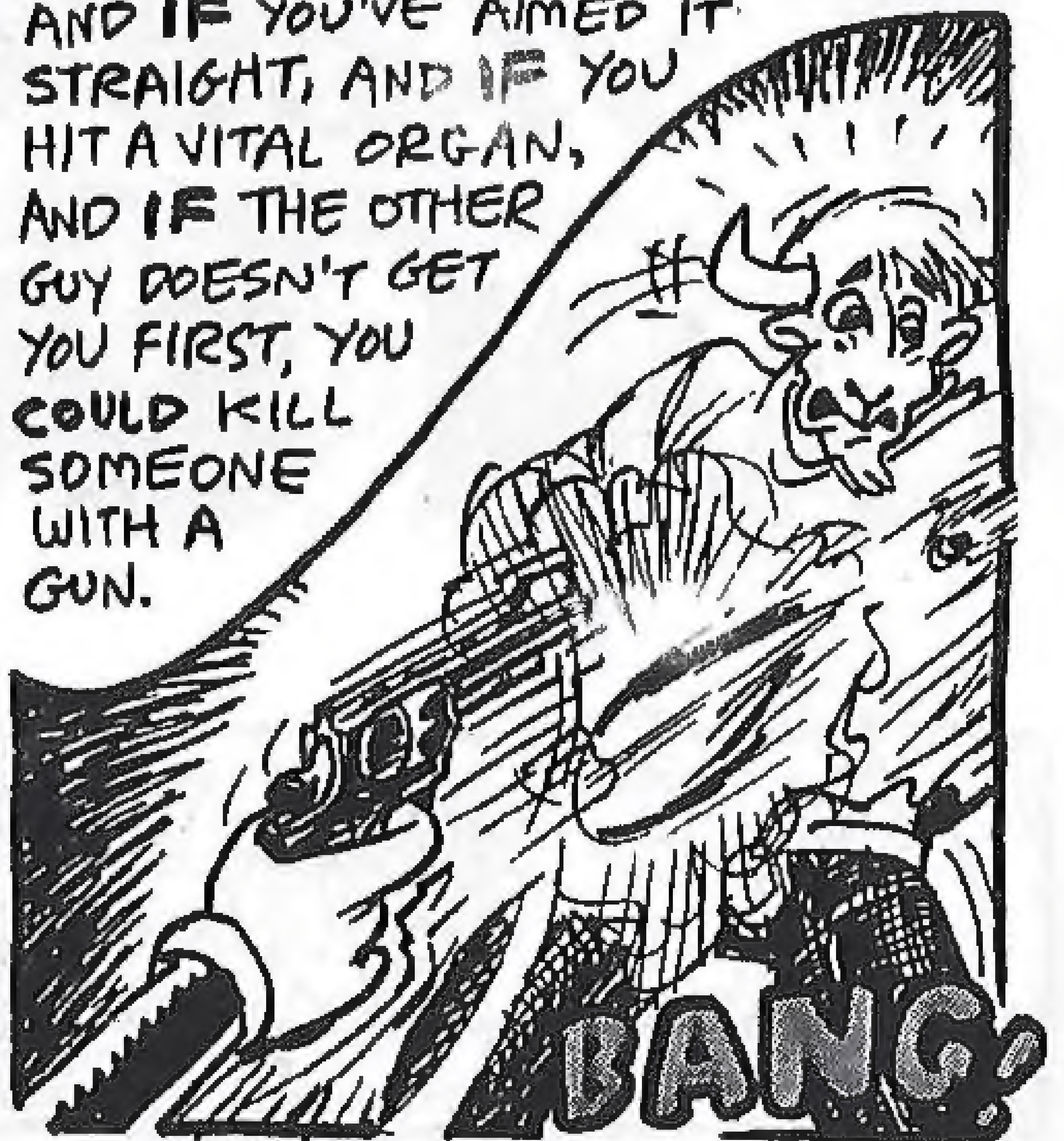
AREN'T WE LUCKY, GANG! MR.
SAVAGE SQUIRREL
IS GOING TO GIVE US HIS LECTURE ON
GUN SAFETY!



WHAT A GUN IS, IS A TOOL THAT SPITS SMALL SLUGS OF METAL AT HIGH VELOCITY OUT OF ONE END. THAT'S ALL A GUN IS!



IF THE GUN IS WORKING RIGHT, AND IF YOU'VE AIMED IT STRAIGHT, AND IF YOU HIT A VITAL ORGAN, AND IF THE OTHER GUY DOESN'T GET YOU FIRST, YOU COULD KILL SOMEONE WITH A GUN.



HOWEVER, IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YER DOING, YOU'LL LIKE AS NOT END UP HURTING YOURSELF, OR AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER!



SO WHEN YOU BUY A GUN, GET A COURSE ON HOW T'HANDLE IT FROM A QUALIFIED INSTRUCTOR! THERE'S A GUN CLUB IN EVERY BIG CITY, SO YOU GOT NO EXCUSE NOT TO!



▶ BUT FOR THOSE OF YOU WITH 'ILLEGAL GUNS'R'SOMETHIN', I GOT SOME BASIC DO'S AN' DONT'S!

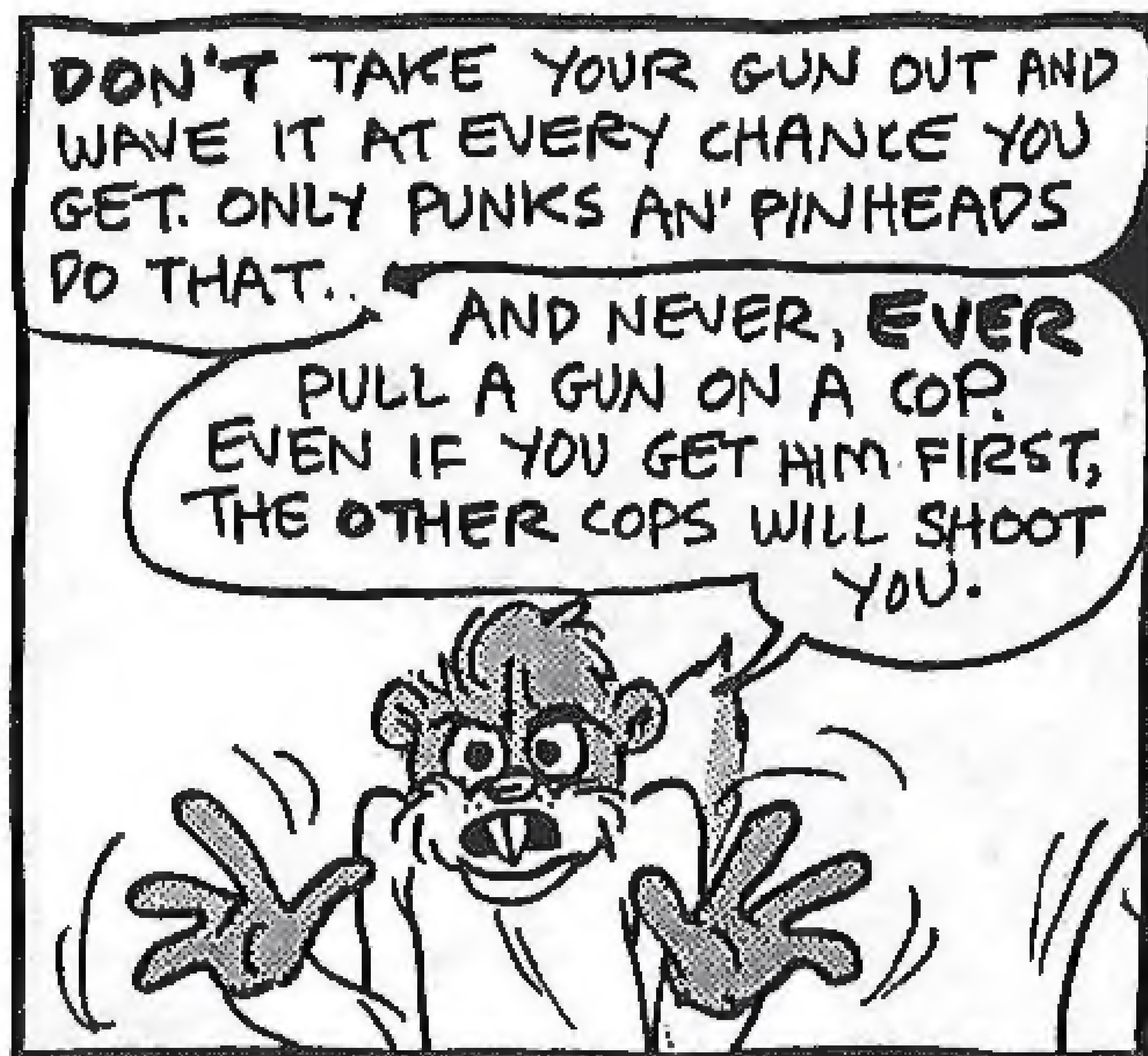
WITH MY ABLE ASSISTANT, RICK RABBIT!



OKAY: DO CLEAN N' MAINTAIN YER GUN REGULARLY. A BADLY MAINTAINED GUN MIGHT FAIL WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!

OH, AND DO MAKE SURE IT'S UNLOADED BEFORE Y'CLEAN IT!





HEY, I MIGHT AS WELL PUT 'IM OUT OF HIS MISERY.... WHAT GOOD IS A RABBIT WITHOUT A YOU-KNOW-WHAT, ANYWAY?



WELL, OH, THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE SAFETY TIPS I CAN RECALL, OFFHAND...

Y'ALL HAVE A NICE DAY! CHIAO!



OH, WAIT! I FORGOT ONE RULE! THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE OF 'EM ALL!



SNAP!

NEVER GET INTO A GUNFIGHT WITH ME!!



NEXT:

WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE I WIPED OUT THE NEXT ACT!

I GUESS IT'LL HAVE TO BE ANOTHER STORY WITH ME, THEN...



THE END FOR NOW.....

MY SUMMER OF '89

IT HAD IT'S UPS & DOWNS!

JUST IN CASE ANYBODY'S INTERESTED...

By Kíartan "Karno" Arnósson

© '89



HERE. YOU'RE EDUCATED NOW.

DON'T HOLD UP THE LINE.



I finished studies at Northeastern University in December '88, but the graduation ceremonies weren't held until June. Looking across at those fields of flat hats really gave you an idea of "assemblyline education"...

ICELAND'S A GREAT PLACE TO LIVE IN, Y'UNDERSTAND, BUT IT JUST DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CARTOON MARKET...



I went home for Christmas (It was lots of fun!) But I came back to the USA to work on an immigration attempt.

APPARENTLY, THE U.S.A. NEEDS LOVERS MORE THAN IT NEEDS WORKERS...

RULES & REGULATIONS

ATTN.



A graduation present of \$2000 from my grandparents (bless 'em!) paid my rent & food bills while I found out that there were only two ways in left to poor people: A) Sponsorship by an American employer, and B) Marriage to an American citizen.

YO, PICASSO! YOUR VISA RUNS OUT TWO WEEKS FROM NOW!

AND YER OUTA CASH, TOO!



Yep, the Golden Door was closed some time ago. Having old-fashioned notions about love'n'marriage, I was workin' on method A until I suddenly looked up and noticed that several months had passed. What became of 'em, I still don't know. I vaguely remember wrapping up Karno's Klassiks with #30...



Right about then, my girlfriend of 4 years gave me the boot, accusing me of being a workaholic that didn't pay enough attention to her. Guilty as charged, I guess.... I've yet to replace her. Any lonely ladies out there?



I dodged having to leave the USA by getting a J-1 visa. J-1 is for foreign summer camp counselors. Being Icelandic, I qualified. Also, camp would have free food & lodging....



Camp Wicoota was quite a trip - as it turned out, it was a camp for adolescent Jewish girls. For some reason, I felt a bit out of place. I tried to teach them basic cartooning...



...but only a couple of 'em seemed to have measureable brain activity. I blame TV, myself. It's brain-washing our youth, I tell you!



But worst of all were the nuclear mosquitoes! The woods of New Hampshire were alive with 'em. One of the bites got infected so badly, I had to hobble around on a crutch for 3 days until the antibiotics took effect.



I got fired from camp just in time for the San Diego Comics Convention. 'Bogie', the camp owner had a habit of firing people after the first shift of campers had left, & fewer counselors were needed. And as I left, he deducted \$10 each for the 3 T-shirts that had handed out at the start of camp, and told us that we were required to wear 'em. Didn't say we had to pay for 'em, of course. Votta shaze..



San Diego got off to a rocky start - I made a social faux pas that I still cringe to remember - It was the only low part of the convention, though. All in all, I had a great time.



I met a whole bunch of old friends (mostly Barrwarriors) - Attended the wedding of Red'n' Dutch - Drew in a whole bunch'a sketchbooks & got some in mine - attended furry parties, sold some Klassics - oh, it was fun!



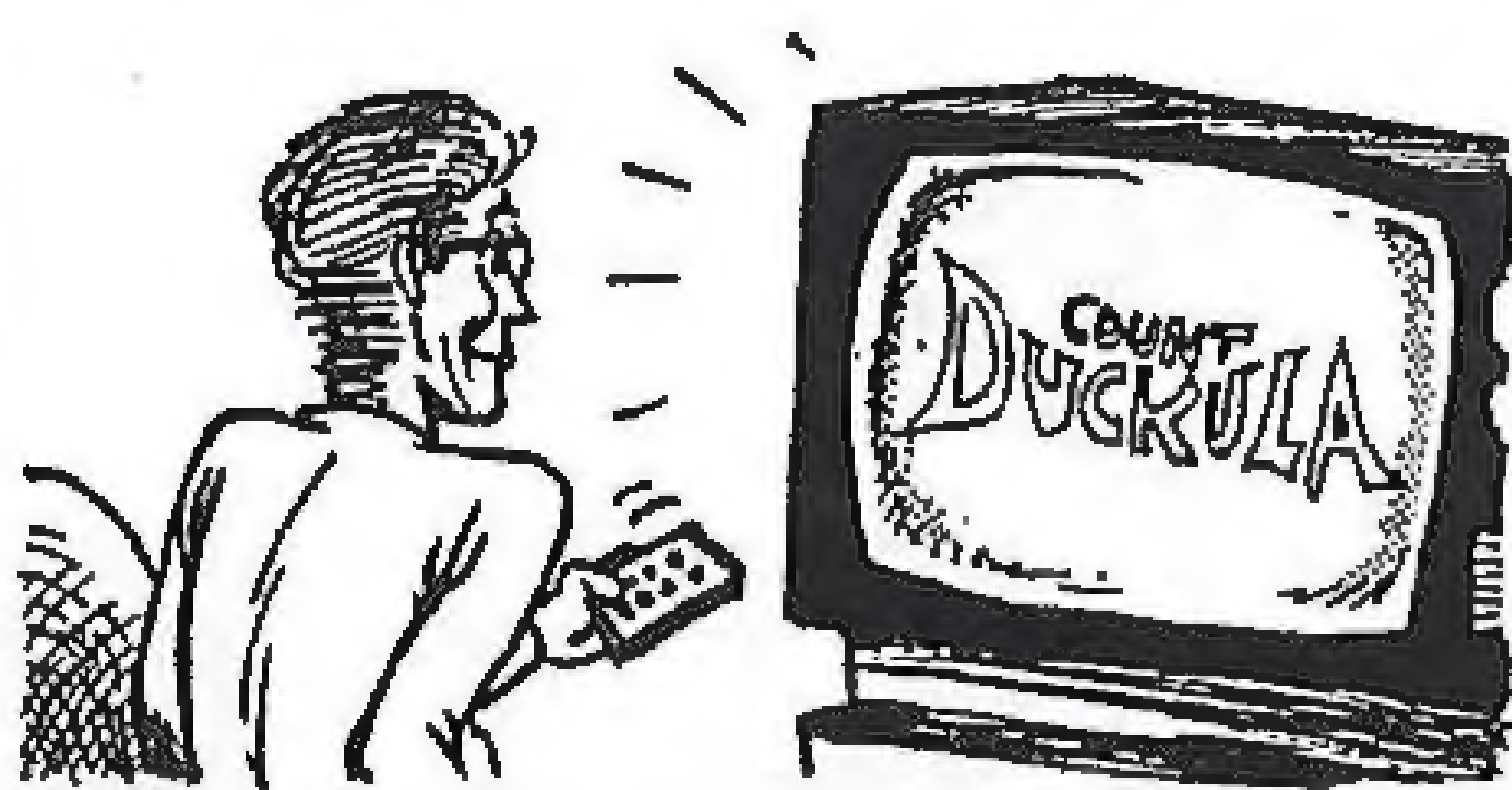
Unfortunately, I could only afford a one way ticket to San Diego, so I walked around the convention with a sign on my back saying that I needed a ride back to Boston. Hey, a con that big, I figured somebody must be heading back north, afterwards....



I got booted off the stage* when I tried to deliver the 'Avenger's message of hope' - Hey, at least I got strong audience reaction! I saw a bunch of my favorite cartoonists - Sergio Aragonez, Bros. Hernandez & others - helped butt up the Funny Animal Panel - and hey! A guy even came up to me and just gave me money! only *At the Con masquerade, that is. in San Diego!



My sign didn't work, so I caught a ride to L.A. with Mike Kazaleh. I had friends in Long Beach that could put me up until I found a way back to Boston.



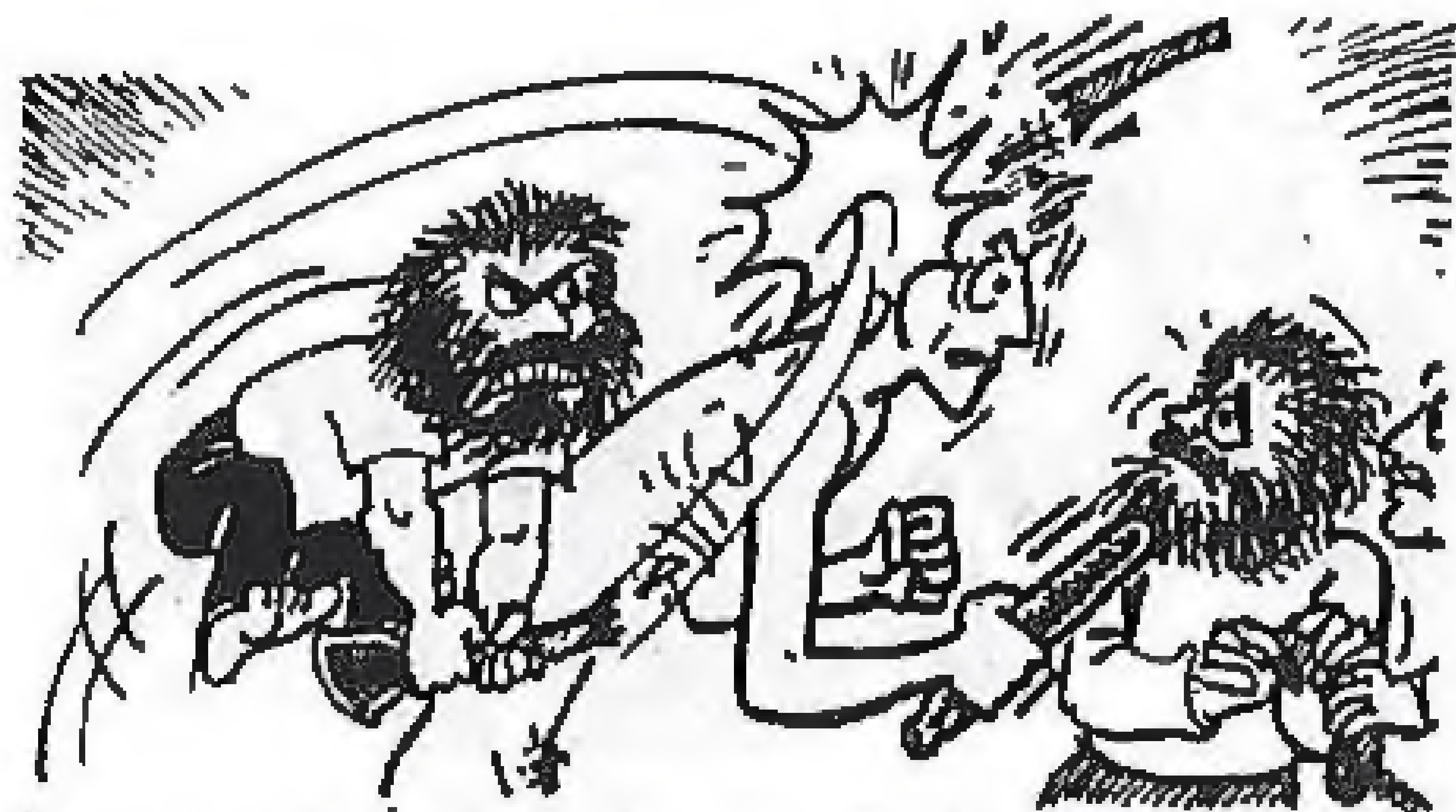
It took me almost a month to find my way back, most of which I spent in front of the TV. Saw a lot of cartoon shows that I'd been missing. Thanks for putting up with me for so long, David & Leanne! Yer good folks!



I made it back to Boston just in time for the World Science Fiction Convention - and found that some of the folks I'd met in San Diego had beaten me to Boston!



Fred Patten lent me the \$ for a ticket to the Con - votta upstandin' guy! I hung out at Jim Groat's table - went to some panels (I missed the one on "porn of the future" tho' - darn!!) Worldcon was almost as much fun as San Dee - Lots happenin'!



In my absence, one of my roommates (I have two, usually) had been replaced by my regular roommate Rick's brother, Loren. Loren soon wore out his welcome by breaking a plunger handle over the back of my head while I was stopping his twin, Lyman, from breaking the phone Rick was calling the cops on.



Needless to say, Loren became an ex-roommate that same night.



Soon thereafter, I noticed that my summertime (J-1) visa was running out. I got the bright idea of going to Canada, & then coming back to the USA on an ordinary tourist visa.



The Canada trip was an adventure in itself. one for
- NEXT TIME -

BACK ISSUES:

There's been some trade in Classics I-30 (which is one reason why I'm reviving the line). But keeping all the back issues in stock has become too much of a headache. I don't have time for it, and I'm not making a profit, really. So I have decided to stop offering back issues for sale. I might do a couple of albums, collecting the main stories from the #1-30 run - if there's enough interest in such a venture. We'll see how it goes. Meanwhile, enjoy the NEW Classics!

PART ONE
OF AN
INTERMITTENT
SERIES:

STUFF
I
HIGHLY
RECCO-
MEND



GET IT!

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THOUGHT I HAD AN EVIL SENSE OF HUMOR??
WAIT 'TILL YOU GET A LOAD OF THIS GUY!

THE PARSON AVICH PUNCHUP!

\$2¹⁸



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